

THE CHILD'S NEWSPAPER.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, BY COREY & FAIRBANK, No. 186, MAIN STREET.

VOL. I.

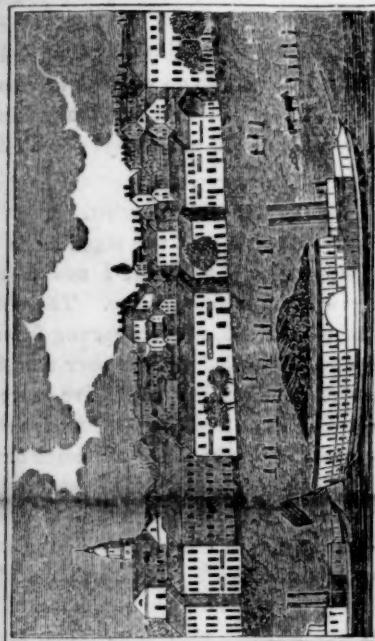
CINCINNATI, TUESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1834.

No. I.

THE CHILD'S NEWSPAPER is edited by REV. THOMAS BRAINERD, assisted by REV. B. P. AVDELOTTE, under the patronage of the Cincinnati Sunday School Union.

| | |
|-----------------------------|--------|
| TERMS.—For 1 copy per year, | \$1.00 |
| " 4 do. do. | 3.00 |
| " 7 do. do. | 5.00 |
| " 15 do. do. | 10.00 |

In all cases the payment to be made in advance. The profits to be devoted to the American Sunday School Union.



TO ALL CHILDREN AND YOUTH WEST OF THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.

My Dear Young Friends,—You have seen a great many newspapers, which were made for your fathers and mothers, and for your older brothers and sisters. This little newspaper, which you now hold in your hands, is intended for you. It is not so large as other newspapers, but it contains more that you will be pleased to read, than most of the larger papers. It was made small so that you could get it cheap. Children have small hats and coats and bonnets and frocks and shoes, and why should they not have small newspapers, which they can buy cheap, and read through in a little while?

But you ask where it is printed? It is printed at Cincinnati, in the State of Ohio. You have heard of that city, and some of you live in it and know all about it. But some of you live at a great distance, in Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. Perhaps you never saw a city and would like to have a picture of CINCINNATI, where your newspaper is printed. Well, here is a very pretty picture of a part of the city.

In order to understand this picture you must turn it right side up, and then imagine

yourselves standing at *Newport*, on the Ohio river, over against Cincinnati. There the painter stood when he made the picture.

You see one Steam Boat and part of another, in the Ohio river between you and Cincinnati. You see the *Quay* or bank of the river leveled, and paved with stones, between the Steam Boats and the buildings.—This *Quay* was made, so that things could easily be carried to and from the river. It cost many thousand dollars. The first buildings at the top of the bank are large stores. Back of these stores you see a multitude of houses. In one of these houses *The Child's newspaper* is printed. When you come to Cincinnati, you can inquire which one it is.

Do you ask how often these little newspapers will be sent to you? Once in two weeks. You will get twenty six in a year.—If you are careful not to lose one, nor tear one up, at the end of the year your mother or sister will sew them together, and make you a very interesting book.

Do you inquire how much these little papers will cost? Only one dollar a year. By saving two cents a week, for fifty weeks from the little sums which your friends give you, and sending it to Messrs. *Corey & Fairbank, Cincinnati*, you can have THE CHILD'S NEWSPAPER PER A YEAR. If you can earn twelve and a half cents in a day, you can pay for it in eight days. If you are a little older and stronger, so that you can earn twenty five cents a day, then for only four days work you can have your newspaper twelve months. Probably most of you have parents or friends, who will take pleasure in giving you the little sum necessary to furnish you with the paper, for the first year.

But once more you ask, what will our newspaper tell us about? From the first paper you can tell what the rest are intended to be.

It will tell you the condition of children in distant heathen countries, and ask you, to prize your own blessings in this happy Christian land, and to do something, by your prayers and contributions to send the Gospel to all nations. It will tell you about the dress and customs of people whom you never saw, and who are very unlike your fathers and mothers. It will tell you about plants, and beasts, and birds, and fishes. It will furnish you with many pleasant stories, such as you will like to read in the long winter evenings, and under the shady trees in summer. It will

tell you of things that are taking place in the world—of the little children that are drowned, or killed by accident, or murdered by their wicked parents. Above all it will tell you that you were born sinners against God—that in order to be happy and useful in this world, and in order that you may go to Heaven when you die, you must repent of sin, and trust in your Saviour Jesus Christ. It will remind you of what the Bible says about that dreadful *place*, where bad men are sent, as a punishment for sin, and it will often speak of that glorious and happy world, where there is no sin and no sorrow,—where all is peace and joy,—and where Jesus lives and still says, “SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME TO ME, AND FORBID THEM NOT.”

Now I have told you all about The Child's Newspaper. If you like to read it, you must not be selfish. Tell all your little friends in the neighborhood about it, that they may take it also.

That the Great and Good God may give you health, and make you a comfort to your parents all the days of their life, is the sincere prayer of your unknown Friend

THOMAS BRAINERD,
Editor of *The Child's Newspaper*.

Cincinnati, January 7th, 1834.

DEATH OF ADDISON MASON, Four years and eleven months old.

The following letter was written by Addison's father, to a brother in Newport, Kentucky. The gentleman who received the letter has kindly allowed us to present it to our young friends.

BOSTON, Mass., 1833.

Dear Brother,—Since I last wrote you, God has come very near to us, and taken away our little Addison, by the croup. But blessed be his name, I do trust we can all say, “It is well, for God reigneth.” Our little boy (4 years and 11 months old) was rather unwell on Saturday, the 27th of July, but as we then thought, nothing more than a cold. Sabbath morning, as he was no better, we had the Doctor. He also said it was a bad cold, and some little fever; and left medicine, which he was quite sure would carry it off. Monday morning, he was no better, but the Doctor still thought it no more than a bad cold, although there was some fears of the croup; but by 11 or 12 o'clock, Monday, he grew much worse, and from this time the Doctor gave but very little hopes of him. He however continued along altogether beyond our expectations, until Wednesday, July 31st, when at a quarter before 5 o'clock, P. M., he gave up his soul to God. I suppose that no imagination can form any idea of the agony he suffered from his disease. We could hear him draw breath distinctly as soon as we enter-

ed the house: But, during all his sickness, he was not heard to utter a single complaint. He took all the medicine which was offered without a word of complaint; and no one of us can remember a word of complaining, either of his pain or any thing else, during the whole time. He had his senses perfectly to the last. He had usually, when he was in health, been very much alarmed, when he was told about dying: so much so, that he would almost invariably wish to go and pray God to give him a new heart, and make him a good boy, and prepare him to die; and his mother has known him to get out of bed three times, all in tears, in the course of a few moments, to pray as above, when she has been talking with the children after they have gone to bed. But notwithstanding all this, we told him on Monday that it was probable he would die. Tuesday, we told him he had certainly got to die, it was God's will that he should die, and he could not get well. It did not alarm him at all; but he said, "he was not willing to die, because he was not a good boy, and should not go to live with God." This morning (Tuesday) his Sabbath-school teacher came in to stay with him during the day. Shortly after she came in, *Addison* wished her to take him to the window that he might see it rain. She asked him "who made it rain?" He says, "God makes it rain, but the fool saith in his heart, there is no God." During the forenoon of this day, he looked up to his mother, and says, "Mother, I love my teacher as well as I do you and father." His mother asked him why? "Because," says he, "she teaches me about God in the Sabbath-school." If he was asked if he loved God, he would generally say, "No." And ask him the reason, he would say, "because he was a naughty boy, and naughty boys did not love God." He, this Tuesday, asked his mother and myself to pray for him.

(To be concluded in our next number.)

CINCINNATI, JANUARY 7, 1834.

NEW YEAR.

To all our little friends we wish a **HAPPY NEW YEAR**. Last night at twelve o'clock the old year bade us farewell. It was the last of eighteen hundred and thirty-three years which have passed away since our blessed Saviour lived on earth. Its hours and days and months, have all passed away, and can never be called back. If our young friends have spent the last year well, it has made them wiser and better.

To the young, a year seems a long period. Anxious that time should pass quickly, that it may bring them some expected good, to them days and months move slowly. Sound in health, and cheerful in heart, devoid of perplexing cares and oppressive labour, they move gaily on from one point of time to another, never regretting the past, and always hoping much from days to come. To them, the future is all delight and joy.

With those in riper years it is not so. They find their days too few for their purposes, and

fain would they clip the wings of time in his rapid flight to eternity. Sad experience of the past, leads them to doubt the promises of the future. They have seen the flower of spring come forth in its beauty. An untimely frost fell upon it, and it withered. They have seen the sun rise in brilliant splendour, and begin to climb the heavens. A cloud passed before it. The storm followed. The day which commenced in joy closed in gloom. They have seen the infant in its mother's arms, meeting her gentle caresses with smiles sweet as the summer's morning. Death marked that child for his prey. He touched it with his cold finger and the smile departed, the bright eyes faded—the heart beat no more. They have seen man in prosperity. His body was strong, his riches were abundant—his friends many. A few days passed by. They saw the same man deserted by his friends—his property consumed by flood or flame—his health wasted by disease, and himself trembling on the brink of the grave. In looking upon these disappointments which God permits to visit sinful man, the wise lose their high expectations from this world, and place their hearts mainly upon that blessed heaven where *no disappointment enters, and where the weary are at rest.*"

In commencing a *new year*, our young friends will do well to look back upon their past lives, repent of all their sins, and bless God that he has continued their health while many, very many of their own age have been cut down by the pestilence. They will do well to pray God, their Heavenly Father, for the sake of his dear Son, to pardon all their offences, and give them his protection during the new year. As they know not the events of the coming year, they should cultivate such prayerful, obedient, watchful lives, that they will be prepared for whatever change shall come. If in a few months they are called to lay their bodies on the bed of death, they can then say, "Jesus, into thy hands I commend my spirit." If on the other hand, God in his tender mercy shall spare their lives and give them the good things of this world, they will be prepared to receive his blessings with a thankful heart, and live to his praise. Once more we wish our young friends a **HAPPY NEW YEAR.** T. B.

January 1st, 1834.

A LITTLE MISSIONARY.

I have often wondered that little boys and girls who go to Sunday School, and love it so well, do not try to persuade all the children in the neighbourhood to go with them. Ministers and teachers, and all other men and women, cannot do so much to fill up the Sunday Schools as the Sunday School children

can. They know all the children far around who do not attend school on the Sabbath. How easy and pleasant to take them by the hand and say, "I love the Sunday School, because there I learn to understand the Bible. There I am taught my duty to my playmates, my parents, and my Heavenly Father. There I get a good book to read every week. There I meet my dear teacher who comes and prays that I may be so happy as to reach heaven when I die. Come now, don't spend the holy Sabbath in idleness and play. Go with us to the Sunday School, and you will never be sorry for it."

One little girl in Cincinnati persuaded seven other little girls to go with her to Sunday School at one time. Will our young friends try to do good in the same way? T. B.

ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

A few days ago, as I was standing in one of the streets of Cincinnati, I saw a stage coming with four fine horses. The driver cracked his whip, the horses sprang forward, and the wheels rolled merrily over the stone pavement. A little boy about five years old was crossing the street, and seeing the stage coming so swift he began to be much afraid. Instead of running with all his might across the street as he should have done, he stood still and cried aloud. The driver of the stage did not stop his horses, but drove on. The first horses struck the little boy, knocked him down, and stepped over him. The second pair of horses also stepped over him. Then came the stage, but by the kind care of God, the little boy had fallen where the wheels did not strike him. Had a wheel passed over him, he would probably have been killed on the spot. As soon as the stage had passed by, some one helped the boy up. His head was bleeding very much, but the wound was not deep. He was able to run home, where good care was taken of him. The driver never stopped to inquire whether the boy was dead or alive, but drove on as if nothing had happened.

T. B.

A POOR EXCUSE FOR NOT LETTING A LITTLE BOY GO TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Mr. Ephraim Spaulding, who has now gone to preach the Gospel to the heathen, told me that he once heard a poor excuse given by a little boy why his mother would not let him go to the Sunday School. The boy lived in Middlesex, in the State of Massachusetts. It was winter. The weather had been very cold, so that all the ponds and brooks had been frozen over. But when Mr. S. saw the boy, the weather had become warmer, so that the snow had melted and covered the ice on the ponds with water

three or four inches deep. On one of these ponds the little boy was sliding. Every time he slid across the pond, the water on the ice flew all over him. "My little boy," said Mr. Spaulding, "do you go to the Sunday School?"

Boy. "I used to go."

Mr. Spaulding. "Do you go now?"

Boy. "No Sir."

Mr. S. "Did you dislike the school?"

Boy. "No Sir."

Mr. S. "Do you love to read the books in the Library?"

Boy. "Yes Sir."

Mr. S. "How long have you staid at home?"

Boy. "Four weeks."

Mr. S. "Do you mean to go again?"

Boy. "Yes, if mother will let me."

Mr. S. "Does your mother keep you at home?"

Boy. "She has for four weeks."

Mr. S. "What objection has she to your going?"

Boy. "She's afraid I'll get my feet wet," said the little *dripping* fellow. If he told the truth, he had a very queer mother. She could let him play in the cold water all the week, but kept him at home from Sunday School for fear of his getting his feet wet!!

T. B.

OUR FRIENDS OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

This number has been made up hastily; but it will afford a specimen of what its successors are intended to be. It is designed specially for the Children of the West; but much of its matter will be equally interesting to children on the other side of the Mountains. We shall transmit a few copies to our friends in Philadelphia, Trenton, New York, Boston, Salem, Andover, &c. &c. If they would be pleased to receive this LITTLE MESSENGER from the WEST, once in two weeks, they can circulate subscriptions, and transmit the money to Messrs. *Corey & Fairbank*.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Dr. T. D. Mitchell called two weeks since, and paid for four copies of *The Child's Newspaper*, some of which are to be sent to his friends abroad. Have not many of our citizens little friends far away, whose affections, they would like to retain by such a present?

CORRESPONDENTS.

Our friends know that the Editor has many responsibilities on his hands. Neither the publishers nor himself expect any compensation for their labors. Will the benevolent take part in this effort to do good, by sending frequent communications for "*The Child's Newspaper*?"

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Scarcely a Sunday School can be found in the West unable to raise ten dollars for fifteen copies of this little paper. Will superintendents and teachers try what can be done to circulate the *only child's newspaper* published in the Valley of the Mississippi? T. B.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN JOHN AND HIS MOTHER ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

John. Mother, why did uncle Joshua go away and get drunk yesterday?

Mother. It was *Christmas*, my dear.

John. What made yesterday *Christmas* more than to-day?

Mother. People call the twenty-fifth day of December *Christmas*, because it is the *birthday* of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. He was born, it is supposed, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three years ago, yesterday.

John. When will your *birth-day* come, mother?

Mother. In about two months.

John. Shall I go and get drunk that day?

Mother. Get drunk, child—what do you mean?

John. Why, Uncle Joshua goes and gets drunk, and dances and fights, on the *Saviour's* birth-day, and should I not do so on your birth-day?

Mother. How queer you talk. How can you grieve me so, by telling about your getting drunk on my birth day?

John. Dont the Saviour like to have people drink and fight on *Christmas*?

Mother. Oh no! my dear, he has commanded his people to be "temperate" in all things, and said that no drunkard should have "eternal life."

John. But dont Uncle Joshua keep *Christmas*, because he loves the Saviour?

Mother. If he loved the Saviour, he would keep it in a very different way. He would not do what the Saviour has forbidden.

John. But dont the Saviour love Uncle Joshua?

Mother. He pities him, and desires he should turn from his sins and live. Unless your Uncle repents and becomes a good man, he will have no reason to rejoice that the Saviour was born. By spending the *Christmas* in wickedness, under pretence of honoring the Saviour, your uncle increases his guilt very much, and is preparing to receive greater punishment in another world.

John. Uncle Joshua didn't think so, did he, mother, when he drank and danced, and wished every body "a merry *Christmas*," yesterday?

Mother. No, my dear; he thought or cared very little about it, and a great many other people who have spent the *Christmas* in

sin, will have a fearful account to give in the judgment.

T. B.

BITS OF NEWS.

One man was killed and three wounded by the falling of a house in Cincinnati on Saturday, Dec. 21. They were at work hanging up meat in a smoke house. The weight of the meat caused the building to fall upon them. This is a warning to all to be ready to die.

In the city of Hudson, state of New York, a fire lately broke out and burnt up things worth five thousand dollars. One man in trying to put out the fire was killed. A shed fell on him. Life is very short, and always uncertain.

A miserly old bachelor, who had got rich by almost starving himself and laying up all he could earn in his chest, was lately found dead in the house where he lived alone, at Bedford in Pennsylvania. Some wicked man had gone into his house and killed him, and taken away all his money, supposed to amount to several thousand dollars. Poor man. He starved himself for *money*. He went ragged for *money*. He cheated other men for *money*. He lived only for *money*. He was killed for his *money*—but he could carry no *money* with him into eternity. How much better to spend life in "laying up treasure in heaven."

A late fire in Bridgeport, on Long Island Sound, in Connecticut, burned up property worth fifty thousand dollars. "Riches take to themselves wings and fly away."

In New Hampshire the snow covers the ground, and the sleighs dash about, making fine music with their bells.

About three weeks ago a villain stole a bible and prayer book from a church in Seneca, New York. Had he often read the bible at home and in the Sunday School, probably he would never have done this wicked thing.

T. B.

SLEEPING ON MATS.

A traveller in Spain remarks: "In some parts of Spain, the country people, and particularly the labourers, sleep upon mats, which in the day time they roll up, and carry from place to place with them. This eastern custom, which the Spaniards took from the Moors, may explain those words of our Saviour to the sick of the palsy, 'Take up thy bed and walk.'"

ELEPHANTS.

Elephants are now used in Ceylon for ploughing the rice fields, and preparing new ground for the cultivation of coffee, pepper, &c. An elephant will perform the work in one day, which twenty bullocks were in the habit of performing before. In a country like Ceylon, which is so very thinly populated, by this system of employing elephants, much time is saved, and a great deal of agricultural work is performed; an elephant may be purchased in Ceylon at any time, for 10 or 15 pounds.

POETRY.



THE TRUE HISTORY OF A POOR LITTLE MOUSE.

A poor little mouse had once made him a nest,
As he fancied, the warmest, and safest, and best,
That a poor little mouse could enjoy;
So snug, so convenient, so out of the way,
This poor little mouse and his family lay,
They feared neither pussy nor boy.

It was in a stove that was seldom in use,
Where shavings and papers were scattered in loose,
This poor little mouse made his hole:
But alas! Master Johnny had seen him one day,
As in a great fright he had scampered away,
With a piece of plum-pudding he stole.

As soon as young Johnny (who wicked and bad,
No pitiful thoughts for dumb animals had)
Described the poor fellow's retreat,
He crept to the shavings and set them alight,
And before the poor mouse could run off in its flight,
It was scalded to death in the heat.

Poor mouse how it squeaked, I can't bear to relate,
And how its poor little ones hopped in the grate,
And died one by one in the flame!
I should not much wonder to hear that one night,
This wicked boy's bed-curtains catching a light,
He suffered exactly the same.

ABOUT RATS.

Rats will eat off the covering from oil flasks—
thrust in their rough tails, and by this means rifle
the bottles of their contents. They know also how
to skim the cream from milk with the same convenient appendage.

A child in this town while asleep, was many years ago severely bitten in the neck by a rat, in consequence of which it lost its life.

The Isle of France was once abandoned on account of the immense swarms of rats, and they are now it is said, a severe scourge to it. They have been known to consume a hundred weight of biscuit daily on board a man of war; and when a ship has been smoked to destroy them, six hampers a day have for some time been filled with their carcasses. They frequently, where is want of provisions for their support, take measures to lessen their numbers. The stronger fall upon the weaker. They lay open their skulls,—first eat up the brains, and afterwards the rest of the body. The next day hostilities again commence; nor do they suspend their havoc, until the majority are destroyed. For this reason it is, that after any place has for a long while been infested with them, they often disappear of a sudden.

Buflon says, that originally, there were no rats in America, and that those which are now to be found here in such numbers, are the produce which accidentally obtained a footing with the first European settlers.

The increase of rats was once so great that they were considered a pest of the colonies. The pest has not ceased. It is said that the large adders will swallow up rats alive. If so, never let a boy kill an adder.

The bite of a rat is immediately followed by considerable swelling, and is rather dangerous.

They multiply prodigiously. A pair will produce

thirty or forty every year. In Catholic countries the peasants eat rats during Lent as they do the flesh of the otter. The rats of Kamtschatka make spacious nests under ground:—They are lined with turf, and divided into different apartments, in which are deposited stores of provisions for winter. The rats never touch these provisions except when they cannot procure nourishment elsewhere. Sometimes they entirely abandon that country for several years, and this circumstance greatly alarms the inhabitants, as they deem it a presage of a rainy season and a bad year for hunting. Whenever they return, the news is spread over the whole country as an auspicious omen.

These animals take their departure in the spring, when they assemble in prodigious numbers, and traverse rivers and lakes. After a long voyage they lie motionless on shore, as if dead. The people of Kamtschatka never do them any injury, but give them every assistance when they lie weak and extended on the ground. They are sometimes met in such numbers that travellers are obliged to stop till the troop passes. So much for rats.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

ENTERPRISE OF A COLORED MAN.

James Forest of Philadelphia, is said by some to be worth \$100,000, though not possessed of a dollar at twenty one years of age. He served his time at the sail making business, in which he now employs over twenty hands, mostly colored persons, who cost him \$10,000 a year. He is rather an old gentleman, and was in the State-house yard, in Philadelphia, when the Declaration of Independence was first read. He fought also in the Revolution. The private character of Mr. Forest is spoken of as highly respectable.

A WORD TO APPRENTICES.

We take the following from the *Georgetown Democrat*. It contains good advice, to which the young will do well to take heed.

When serving your apprenticeship, you will have time and opportunity to stock your minds with much useful information. The only way for a young man to prepare himself for usefulness, is to devote himself to study during all his leisure hours. First, be industrious in your business; never complain that you are obliged to work; go to it with alacrity and cheerfulness; and it will become a habit which will make you respected and beloved by your master or employer, make it your business to see to and promote his interest; by taking care of his you will learn to take care of your own.

Young men at the present day are too fond of getting rid of work; they seek for easy and lazy employments, and frequently turn out to be poor miserable vagabonds. You must avoid all wishes to live without labor; labor is a blessing, instead of a curse; it makes men healthy, it procures them food, clothing, and every other necessary, and frees from temptation to be dishonest.

Next to your hand labor, you should be constant in the labor of your mind. You can never hope to rise to a respectable standing in the world without long, persevering and constant application to study. When you read, you must not throw away your time by reading novels and romances; you must study natural and moral philosophy, geography, history, and the arts. Let not a large book discourage you or a long history or other work prevent your reading it through. When you have read, reflect upon them in your mind, and endeavor to understand their meaning and utility, so that you may readily apply them to the ordinary purposes of life. If you do not understand and comprehend what you read, you may as well let reading alone. You have to deny yourselves the amusements enjoyed by most young men, if you would prepare yourself for being a respectable old man.

A HOUSE WITHOUT A GOD.

A little boy, three years of age, whose father possessed no religion, and neglected family prayer, spent several months in a pious family, where he was instructed in the simple truths of the Bible.—In conversing with him one day about the great and good God, he made this striking remark: "We havn't got any God at my Papa's house."

For the Child's Newspaper.

To Sunday School Teachers and Parents.

As many persons have occasion to select Sunday School Libraries or make purchases of books for children in their own or other families, we would call their attention to the excellent, cheap, and very popular works of the American Sunday School Union. They can furnish a library for a school which will contain 235 volumes, amounting to 28,305 pages, bound in fancy-colored leather backs and corners, with marble covers. These volumes contain 15,000 steel, copperplate, and wood engravings and maps, illustrating the various subjects of which the books treat. The price of the complete set is \$41.

Besides this library, the Union have published 103 smaller books in paper covers, containing 2056 pages with a large number of wood cuts. A complete set of these costs \$1.46. If bound, they would make about ten or twelve volumes of uniform size.

In the above are not included several volumes, which, on account of size, &c. are not placed in the regular series; such as the Bible Dictionary, Psalmody, Hymn Books, Biographical Dictionary, Union Questions, &c.

Nearly the whole of the books have been printed from stereotype plates, on good paper; many of them were written expressly for the Union, and all have been examined and approved by the Committee of Publication, composed of an equal number of members of the Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Episcopal churches.

For the sum of \$42.46, the above 338 works can be procured by any Sunday School or Sunday School Society, which will send a copy of its constitution, a list of officers, and an annual report to the American Sunday School Union, and thus become an auxiliary. They can be procured on the same terms by any individual who is a member of the Society, purchasing for his own use, or for gratuitous distribution. The terms for membership are for life \$30, or \$3 annually, in which case they also receive gratuitously a copy of the Sunday School Journal.

In view of these facts, we may inquire how many thousands of parents might place in their dwellings such a library; embracing matter adapted to all ages, from the youngest child that can read, to the parents and domestics of the household!

How many thousand little companies of youth might join and purchase a complete library for their amusement and instruction!

How many thousand sets should be required by Sunday schools, by common schools, by public schools, by apprentices' libraries, by men of property, for gratuitous distribution, by ministers and pious visitors of the poor and the rich, for the comfort and benefit of the families and individuals they go amongst!

Orders with particular directions as to the mode of conveying books will meet with prompt attention if addressed to

FREDERICK W. PORTER,
Corresponding Secretary,
American Sunday School Union,
No. 146, Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

P. S. The above works may also be procured at the Depository in Cincinnati.

COREY & FAIRBANK, Agents.

Printed by James McMillan, No. 1, Baker street.